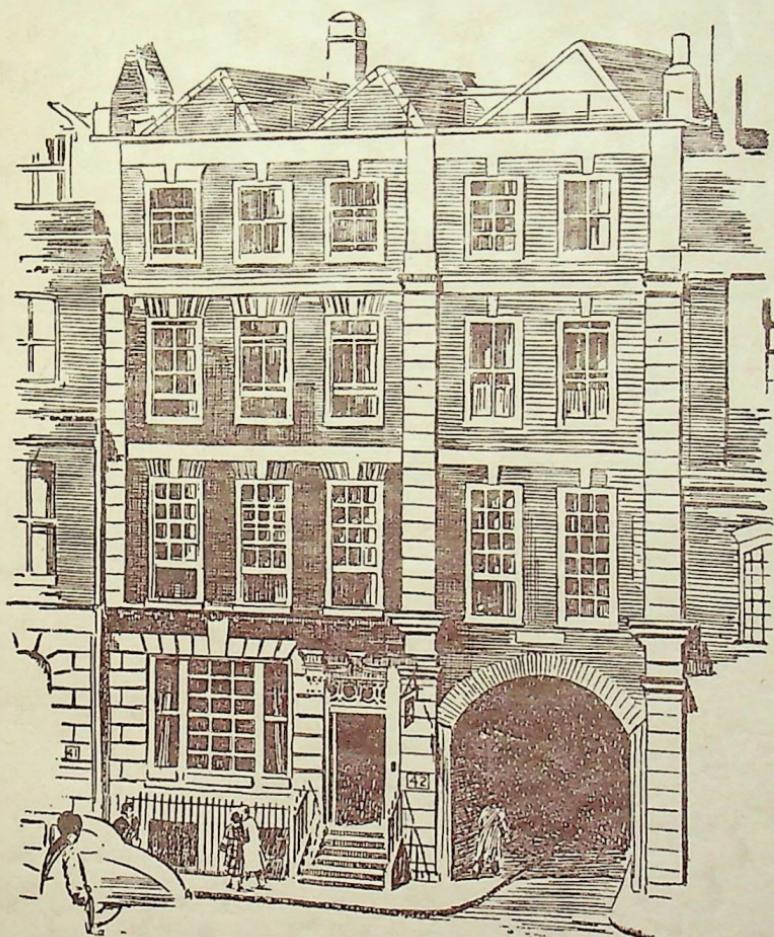


THE LOG

Toc H Women's Association



CRUTCHED FRIARS HOUSE. Headquarters of Toc H Women's Association

MARCH, 1954

NINEPENCE

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THE LOG

VOL. XXVIII : NO. 2

MARCH 1954

WHEN the postman pushed through our letter-box the Order of the Day for this year's Central Council, it was with an expectancy bordering on excitement that we picked it off the mat and, before opening it, toyed with a review of what must have gone to its making.

Its ingredients had been maturing through the Coronation Year in the climate of heightened imagination and resolve which that event had brought to every corner of our land. And what excellent ingredients they were . . . The Christian Family, as the basis of national wellbeing and stability; our hopes for the 'Young Delinquent', a pattern for the future. These had been prayerfully considered in all their discoverable aspects, probably by every Branch and District—as had the momentous Resolution of Mrs. Savage, which had been adopted by last year's Council, and had stirred us up considerably. There were 'ancient ruts' to be emerged from; Mac's overseas tour, drawing our sympathies out to the remoter parts of the Family and their experiences—some so very like our own, some so very different. There would be bright reflections of all this in the discussions of the coming Council, undoubtedly . . .

We slit the envelope. The Districts had sent in thirteen assorted Motions and Resolutions. One of these had an obvious relation to the world at large; eleven of the remaining twelve were peacefully absorbed in tinkering with what had seemed to us a perfectly serviceable Constitution, letting out the waist a little here, taking up the hem a fraction there, as though at the behest of M. Dior, with the tuck marks still visible where it had been let down before.

An uninformed observer might be forgiven for thinking we were totally unaware of any world outside us, let alone of any urgency in its manifold needs. 'Can these bones live', we can hear him asking, 'unless by a miracle comparable to Ezekiel's?'

BEFORE this Log is out, our Founder Pilot will have returned to London from her overseas tour, in the course of which she will have done so much to strengthen the sense of unity throughout the Family. We are sure that all our members would wish to send her a message through the Log which, for her part, she has remembered so steadfastly all along.

So—thank you, Mac, and welcome home!

ED.

LETTER FROM MAC

HERE I am, staying with a delightful family, full of energy and *joie de vivre*.

I rather think I have covered some ground since last time I wrote—the Eastern Province and Natal, the Cape, the Free State and the Transvaal, and then from Durban to East Africa by air. I cannot attempt to tell you much about anything, so this had better be a haphazard screed about just what comes to my mind.

First, I would say how splendidly Toc H is doing its job in difficult conditions in Southern Africa. Much of the work undertaken is very like the jobs we do at home, but there is also an immense amount of work being done for the non-European. Amongst these are, for instance, libraries and knitting clubs in locations for native or coloured people, after-care of the children from the Sunshine Homes, occupational therapy in a big native T.B. Hospital, a club for coloured girls in domestic work, and classes for country dancing for the native nurses at a big hospital. One has to remember that no woman can go out after dark alone, and this is a difficulty to be reckoned with, both in carrying out jobs and in running meetings.

I had three days of great happiness among the wild flowers of the Cape, and everywhere I have seen something of the locations in the towns for the non-European populations—native, coloured and (in some places) Indian or Asian. The housing varies tremendously, but never do the best laid plans of the authorities keep pace with the rapid increase of numbers, and one finds indescribable "shanty-towns" side by side with new, modern dwellings. Do you realise that two-and-a-half million white people in the Union are responsible for the welfare and development of fifteen million natives? I would ask you to extend your sympathy and (so far as you can) your understanding to this small minority on whose shoulders rests a tremendous load of responsibility.

During my last visit to Johannesburg, I went down a gold mine, as I was anxious to see what the conditions were like. We all got very wet and dirty and exhausted, but the experience was most interesting. The thick, grey fluid which results from the drilling, blasting, shovelling, crushing and washing, is less like gold than anything I have ever seen; and only the heavy gold bar which was shown to us at the end, and on which we demonstrated our weakness as heavy weight-lifters, restored my belief that all this mining is for gold and not just to get down into the bowels of the earth to discover the origin of earthquakes.

The native compounds at the mines are very good, and the

worker is looked after in every way—well housed and fed, and medical care and recreation provided. The miner has obviously to be fit, but the welfare officer who looks after the compound frequently looks much further than mere physical fitness.

I was in Johannesburg for the World Chain of Light which is kept there as a night vigil in a chapel of the Cathedral. I had the privilege of reading the message from Central Africa and of taking Light, and joined in the vigil for a short time. One feels that the Chain is in fact, a link between us, all round the world, and the keeping of it overseas is very impressive.

Two of the Pretoria members and I went out to morning tea with Mrs. J. C. Smuts, who is President of Toc H Women's Association, just before her 83rd birthday. She is full of vitality and has a wonderful memory, and told me how she had "tramped the streets" with Elsie Potter during the war, looking for premises for the work Toc H women were responsible for at that time.

I also had a long talk with Sir Herbert Stanley, President of Toc H, who helped me to understand South Africa and its problems, as did Alan Paton, Hon. Toc H Commissioner in South Africa. A meeting with the Southern Africa Executive of Toc H W.A. gave me an opportunity to get know them, and one with Dr. Webb (H.Q. Padre, and what might be termed Bishop of the Methodist Church in the Transvaal), showed again how everyone is willing to help Toc H in carrying out its job.

Westfort Leper Colony and the Toc H T.B. Settlement at Botha's Hill, both figured largely in my goodbyes. I went to Westfort twice: once just quietly with Janet Henderson, a Pretoria member, who visits the Colony every week, and again for their annual Christmas Party—a great event run by Toc H *within* and without the Colony, which is worthy of a special article all to itself.

Botha's Hill, in the Valley of a Thousand Hills, is also a romance, telling the great story of how a handful of people, led by an inspired member of Toc H, are making a real contribution to the work of combating tuberculosis among the natives, and of rehabilitating the patients as useful citizens after recovery.

With the memory then of these two great, shining examples of Toc H in action, I left Durban after a quiet Christmas there, and flew northwards to Kenya and Uganda. Both these countries are sharing, with Southern Africa, the problems and opportunities which are part of the development of the whole of Africa. But in Nairobi and Kampala are only tiny groups of Toc H members. Think of them often, as they try to play the part Toc H could play in countries such as these, where there is no colour-bar, where there is equality of opportunity, but where the Christian spirit of service has yet to be learned.

It is hot up here in Kampala, but dry, which I like, and in

these altitudes the nights are cool. Yesterday we went to see the new dam at Jinja, which the Queen is to open in April—D.V., and the Baganda too. It is at the source of the Nile, just below the Falls over which the waters of Lake Victoria Nyanza, cascade and become the Nile. I suppose the Nile will now begin below the dam, because above it there will be a huge lake.

Electricity for all Uganda and other parts of East Africa will result from this project, which originated in the fertile brain of Sir Winston Churchill many years ago.

Best wishes to you all,

MAC.

Winter into Spring

Grey is the sky that broods above the fields,
The trees stand naked in the icy wind;
No whispering voices speak among their boughs,
Groaning, they cry aloud and toss their arms
Unheeded. Winter in its ruthless grip
Holds fast all nature. Sullen moves the brook,
Its sunny face all darken'd now in gloom.
The plovers dotted black upon the frozen grass,
Now here, now there, search hungrily for food,
The starling on the fence is huddled close.

Sudden the treetops glow with golden light,
Flushed in the sunshine bare and strong they stand;
Deeply their sinews thrill with promised life.
On comes the glow—touching the tossing brook,
Revealing on her bosom jewels bright;
Swift rise the plovers, now no longer black,
But silver-breasted as they wheel and turn,
The little starling iridescent shines;
Tears fill my eyes. My inmost soul bows low
To kiss the feet of the Creator—God.

K. D. TYDEMAN WHITE.

FRIENDS OR STRANGERS?

TWO members, Joan and Mary, are busy sorting clothes and oddments for the Jumble Sale, which is the Branch's 'Special Effort' for this year. One holds up a child's bright scarlet sun dress.

'What a pity we aren't sending clothes out to an African Mission, instead of selling them locally. I'm told the Africans love bright colours, and it would sell like hot cakes. It's a bit late in the season for anyone here to buy it', said Joan.

'Well, there are plenty of Africans and other coloured folk from most of the Colonies in England now, so don't despair—lots of them are married and have children,' said Mary.

'Yes, one can't help noticing what hundreds of them there are



TWO NURSES FROM JAMAICA, WHO ARE PROBATIONERS OF THE
WESTMINSTER BRANCH, WITH OTHER BRANCH MEMBERS.

in London—never go out without seeing some down our way. I expect it is the same in other places. I've seen them in Church, too, and one of the Churches near us has a Lay Reader at present, from Pakistan, I think, who seems awfully nice. They must find it cold here in the winter, poor things.'

'Yes, cold in more ways than one. We English aren't very welcoming and friendly to them—I don't like to think what sort of idea of us they take back to their own parts of the Commonwealth.'

'Well, I don't know, they are mostly students, aren't they, so

I suppose they live in hostels and are looked after?' said Joan.

Mary lit a cigarette and perched herself on the kitchen table among the Jumble. 'Yes, there are hostels,' she said, 'run by the British Council and by the Churches and various other organisations, and, of course, most of the nurses live in the Nurses Homes of the hospitals, but this doesn't cater for the thousands and thousands at present in this country, and anyway, living in a hostel doesn't give them much of an idea of English life, and homes and people. They ought to get out to visit people and some of our lovely English countryside. It would be rather fun to organise an outing for a few of them and take them to one of our historic places, wouldn't it?'

'You seem to know quite a lot about it. I'm interested, but I wouldn't know where to begin to help,' said Joan.

'Toc H women have been getting in touch with Colonial nurses



STUDENTS AT WILLIAM TEMPLE HOUSE, A LONDON HOSTEL FOR COMMONWEALTH STUDENTS.

in the various hospitals for some time now, and inviting them to their homes and to Toc H social occasions. I went to talk to our Overseas Secretary about it and she told me a lot of interesting things. She would like to see our Branches taking more initiative over the whole question. One thing she said, 'Mary went on, 'struck me forcibly, and that was that it is a mistake to regard these thousands of Commonwealth students as a 'problem' all the time, and that we should think of it more as an opportunity.'

'A friend of mine, who belongs to a London Branch, wrote some time ago that they had had several students at their meeting, and she asked two of them to tea one Sunday, nurses they were, from

Trinidad. They were awfully nice, and they helped put the children to bed! Then, unfortunately, they were sent to another hospital and she lost touch with them.'

'Pity they didn't hand them on to another Branch to look after. Another idea I got from Headquarters was that our Branches should "adopt" hostels and hospitals so that the welfare authorities responsible for the students could ask us for help, and could recommend lonely ones to our care and hospitality. It seems one of our seaside Branches had adopted a Convalescent Home where Colonial folk are sent after being in hospital, and the members take them for drives and ask them to tea and try to cheer them up and help them get fit again. I think it is a jolly good idea, don't you?' said Mary.

'Yes, I do; but we aren't a seaside place,' said Joan, looking thoughtful, 'still, perhaps there is something else we could do?'

'We had better talk it over in the Branch—if we go on talking like this, we shall never get this job done. What shall we charge for these old curtains, quite good still, really, although not a colour I should choose! I do hope people will come on Saturday, so that we can send a decent sum to Headquarters.'

So the sorting went on, and probably the conversation too!

HAS YOUR BRANCH given thought to the ways in which we can help nurses and other students from the Colonies? It is a great chance to show them something of our tradition of voluntary service, so that they can take back to their own corners of the Commonwealth ideas of fellowship and service, and who knows, some of them may want to travel with us as members. Toc H membership is open to coloured people in all parts of the world, except in the Union of South Africa, where there is an official colour-bar, but even there they are beginning to think about running parallel branches for non-Europeans.

SUGGESTIONS FOR ACTION:—

Liaison with Hospitals and Convalescent Homes, through the Lady Wardens of the Nurses' Homes, or the Home Sisters, for hospitals, and with Lady Almoners for Convalescent Homes.

Helping to run Clubs for Colonial students—giving regular help in the Clubs and joining the students' activities.

Inviting students to your homes. They do not expect lavish hospitality, just to join in the family circle.

Being aware of what is at stake—the whole future of Commonwealth relations. Educate yourselves about the countries in the Commonwealth, the different stages of development they have

reached and their particular problems. Read books and go to lectures on it.

Short books on the subject are:

'Coloured Peoples in Britain'—Anthony McCowan. (A Bow Group Pamphlet, obtainable from 46 Queen's Grove, N.W.8; price 6d.)

'Foreigners'—Mary Trevelyan. (Obtainable from Edinburgh House Press, 2 Eaton Gate, S.W.1; price 1s.)

'Christianity and the Race Problem'—J. H. Oldham. (Obtainable from S.C.M. Press Ltd., 58 Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1; price 1s. 6d.)

'WAY Forum'—Published monthly by World Assembly of Youth. (Obtainable from British National Committee for W.A.Y., 10 Stratford Road, London, W.8; annual subscription, 10s., single copies, 1s. 3d.)

ELIZABETH WORTH.

On playing in All Hallows

I HAVE been asked to write an article on 'Playing in All Hallows'. Even now, as I take up my pen, I have no idea what to write. You must all know and love All Hallows just as I do. Little did I think, as a small child, when I was taken there by my father (who cared for that magnificent organ, so sadly destroyed by bombing), that one day I would be asked to give lunch-hour Recitals in All Hallows.

I arrived for my first performance full of apprehension, and wishing I had not accepted the engagement. I looked at the piano and felt even worse. 'Another upright', I thought—would I never be given the chance to play on a really good piano? My life till then, seemed to have been dogged by pianos that rattled like old teeth! However, a few people were seated in the pews, and I was given the signal to begin. I put my hands on the keys (they were like ice) and began to play.

A workman, not intent on his task of rebuilding the church, slowly climbed a ladder outside the east window, caught sight and sound of me, paused, climbed another rung, and stopped. That day I played to God and the workman. I shall never forget his face, and who knows, some day I may see him in another audience, in a more comfortable position. The hour was gone in a flash, and Harold Bowden was shaking me by the hand and asking me to come again. 'Come again,' I did, many times.

I have now grown to accept and almost love that piano. Sometimes, when it does not 'sing' as my heart demands, I entreat and implore it to respond, and when the naughty thing does not obey, I oftentimes loose my temper and crash down on its keys,

only to shiver with mortification at the sounds it shrieks forth. But we are friends, 'P' and I, and accept each other's faults without question.

I wish more people could come to these Monday Recitals. They are so varied and full of interest. I have heard many fine performances there and am always astonished at the really lovely sounds that issue forth from that antiquated instrument, known as an organ. I must admit to having heard it played by only three men, Dr. Sutton, Dr. Creed and Harold Bowden, fine organists all, and never cease to admire the way they 'attack' it. What a wonderful day it will be, when the Church is completed and the organ rebuilt. Young as I was, I, like Albert Schweitzer, considered the old organ the finest in London.

When I play in All Hallows my audiences are large and distinguished. You have not noticed? Why, the pews are full of the ghosts of bygone years! I cannot tell if they come to all the recitals, but they turn out in all their splendour to hear me. It is not unusual to see Sir Francis Walsingham, Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, and her unfortunate favourite, Robert Devereux, the Earl of Essex, sitting side by side. Nor is it strange to see William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania, who was baptised in the church, or Judge Jeffreys, or John Quincy Adams, who were both married there. I have seen several men adorned in the garb of Lord Mayor, and surely that was Oliver Cromwell who stood at the door on one occasion, close behind Samuel Pepys? It is not unlikely either, that the pair who listen so attentively (or are they sleeping?) hard by the organ, are Renatus Harris and Father Smith, those early giants of the organ building world. Do they too, wait in silent apprehension for the new organ?

There is one gentleman who will insist on standing behind me throughout the entire programme. He is short and rather fat, and appears to be a wealthy merchant of the 16th century. Methinks, perhaps, 'tis mine ancestor, Rodger James, who was a brewer in the parish, and died in 1591. When I have finished, he bows reverently to the altar—graciously to me—and departs with his friends. I oftentimes wonder how they know when to come, for the notice in the porch is rather small, and I'm sure many pass it by unnoticed.

*As memory strikes her thousand chords,
Mine eyes are blinded with my tears,
As through the dimness and the haze,
I see the ghosts of bygone years.*

Ah, but I dream of the past and the future, whereas the ever-present *now* is what matters most. No matter where or when I play, no matter how beautiful the hall or piano, I shall never be happier than when playing in All Hallows!

ELIZABETH JAMES.

FAMILY PRAYERS IN THE BRANCH

FROM earliest years Family Prayers have been considered a vital and necessary part of the Branch programme. As such, the time must be planned, and it might also be helpful if the Branch agreed as to special concerns for prayer.

Family prayers is a corporate activity, and thus the concern of the Branch as a whole. The prayers must therefore be the expression of the *group mind*, although one of the group must act as leader.

Family prayers should express a common 'concern' of the group. This may have grown out of the meeting itself, or be some particular matter in which the Branch is involved at the time.

Family prayers, if they are to be 'prayed', must be given *time*. All the members present must be fully committed to the purpose of praying together. This is impossible if there is a feeling of hurry or anxiety, concerning train or bus.

In prayer, the group is coming together to bring its concerns to God, and no one can rush headlong into the Presence. As the Church is built with vestibule or porch in which those who come to worship can recollect themselves, so in Family prayers, there should be a moment of silence in which the group remembers that it is coming together into the Presence of God.

It is often easier to pray as a group if the members sit round in a circle. Many are tired at the end of the day, and as this is a group activity it may be much easier to concentrate if we all sit for the sake of those who may find it hard to stand. Thus we ensure that relaxation of mind and body, which is essential for prayer.

On these lines a five-minutes programme of Family prayers as a group activity might be as follows:—

- (a) RECOLLECTION ($\frac{1}{2}$ min.): The *Leader* might say 'Let us lift up our hearts . . .' *The group*: 'We lift them up unto the Lord.' (Silence.)
- (b) THANKSGIVING (1 min.). *Leader*: 'Let us thank God for . . .' (help given, someone's recovery, etc., etc. Not more than two). (Silence.)
- (c) PETITION (1 min.). *Leader*: 'Let us ask God's help' or 'let us pray for', etc., etc. Not more than two or three. (Short silence between each.)
- (d) The Toc H Prayer said together. A prayer may also be read, but if so it should be read *slowly* so that all may offer the prayer.
- (e) The Lord's Prayer and closing Benediction.

It may be that these suggestions present the Branch with some new problems, e.g., as to the Leader's capacity to suggest biddings, but the Branch can agree together, and biddings are easy to frame.

Toc H Branches have a wonderful opportunity of working together as a group, and a few remarks about group activity may not be out of place here. 'The primary element in group life is a response to each other as equals'. Such response is animated by impulses, as a flight of birds in the air suddenly (without any leader) swings in one direction or another. Only the Holy Spirit of God—who is Love—can enable individuals to grow into a group, and to become sensitive to vital impulses, and to enter into the unspoken thoughts of others.

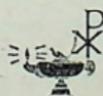
As the Holy Spirit destroys all that frustrates fellowship, and welds the group into a unity, there will emerge a group mind, inspired by a common impulse, which thinks, prays and acts with a power greatly exceeding that of any one individual belonging to the group. This group personality is clearly seen in the life of the Apostles. 'With one accord', 'of one heart and soul', are phrases used in the Acts to describe this corporate life of the early Christians under the influence of the Holy Spirit.

Undoubtedly, if the Toc H Branch learns to work and pray together as a group, its life will be deepened and its prayer will be a more effective offering than the passive listening to a prayer read. Again, it may well be that the corporate prayer of the Branch would spread out through the week if each member carried away the special 'concern' of thanksgiving or prayer.

Many are the possibilities for the enrichment and blessing of the Movement, if corporate opportunities are used to the full, so that, as in St. Paul's words, we may be 'of the same mind one with another . . . with one accord we may, with one mouth, glorify the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

MARIANNE TURNER.

WE WILL REMEMBER



CLARA BROWN, <i>R.H.H.I.</i> (1953):	January, 1954
PATRICIA DREWERY, <i>Ilkley</i> (1952):	December, 1953
W. HOLLAND, <i>Barry West</i> (1952):	January, 1954
VERA M. HOSKEN, <i>Central General Branch</i> (1948):	January, 1954
A. JOHNSON, <i>Worthing</i> (1949):	November, 1953
ELIZABETH MILFORD, <i>Newton Abbot</i> (1949):	December, 1953
MABEL ANNIE NEWNHAM, <i>Eastbourne</i> (1949):	December, 1953

News and Notes

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Central Council will be held on Saturday and Sunday, 27th and 28th March, at Sir John Cass College, Jewry Street, London, E.C.3. As Miss Macfie is expected back in this country shortly before this date, Councillors will have the opportunity of giving her an 'official' welcome and of hearing something about her travels overseas.

SAVE THE CHILDREN FUND. This is a reminder to Branches about the appeal which has gone out through District Teams for napkins for the babies in Carinthia. The latest date for sending parcels is March 31st, and they must be addressed to Miss K. Freeman, 'Save the Children Fund', 20 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Parcels must be marked on the outside, 'Carinthian Infant Appeal', and a slip enclosed giving the sender's name and stating the number of napkins, to avoid re-counting. Napkins can be made of old towels or sheets and should be about eighteen inches square and hemmed firmly round the edges.

CHRISTMAS CARD. Members will be glad to know that the Christmas Card, designed by Margaret Hine (Mrs. Eric Saywell), sold very well. In fact, only 140 remained unsold of the 5,000 printed. We are very grateful to our artist for her generous gift of the design, and to our printers, Messrs. West Bros., for their skilful reproduction.

LADY DAY, MARCH 25th

The opportunity which Lady Day brings for offering the special thanksgivings and problems of Christian women's organisations has long been recognised, and it is therefore natural that Toc H Women's Association should call members of all Churches to a corporate Communion on this day.

All Communion is, of course, 'corporate Communion', in that we offer our sacrifice to God as members of the Body of Christ, in which the individual life of each member is incorporated. We pray, not as individuals, but as members of the family of God. Our prayers and praises are not so much concerned with 'I, me, mine', as with *our* corporate needs. So the Table of the Lord is the natural place for us in Toc H, to gather as a group of women.

When we come to our Communion on Lady Day we hold hands therefore with all members, whether in this world or in the world beyond. With them we offer to God the sacrifice of our lives and work in Toc H, and pray that it may, unworthy as it is, be united with our Lord's Sacrifice, and lifted up into God's eternal purpose for mankind.

MARIANNE TURNER.

Round About the Family

COUNTESTHORPE held a Jumble Sale by which they raised money to give Christmas gifts to sixteen elderly patients in Blaby Hospital, and the grateful letters they have received have shown how much it meant to these old people.

DERSINGHAM once again provided a party of carol singers at Christmas, from the combined Branches, and were invited to sing to the Royal party at Sandringham House. They write as follows: 'On the third night (Boxing Night) we went on our way in comfort by bus to Sandringham House, where we had been invited to sing at six o'clock. We arrived on time, and altos, bass, tenors and trebles, two violins and an oboe, were in order when a page opened the door and asked us in as the Queen Mother thought it would be cold for us to sing outside. We were welcomed by the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. We missed the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh, but saw them reflected in the happy little faces of their children.

'We sang three carols, the Royal Family and guests joining in. The first carol, "Away in a Manger", Prince Charles and Princess Anne knew well. Our next two carols were "Holy Night" and "Once in Royal David's City". The Chairman, Mr. A. Bell, then asked the Queen Mother if she would like any special carol, and she asked for "While Shepherds", and once again Prince Charles joined in. The Queen Mother came forward and said "Thank you, that was lovely", and asked what we were collecting for, and Mr. Bell said it was for B.E.L.R.A. and for the Restoration Fund of Norwich Cathedral, our Mother Church. At that, the Queen Mother turned to the Bishop of Norwich, whom we were delighted to see was amongst the guests, and told him what the collection was for and after the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret had put their contributions into the box the Bishop came forward and put his contribution in also, adding, laughingly, that it was not his first. Then the Royal children, Prince Charles, Princess Anne, Prince Richard and Prince William of Gloucester, and guests added their contributions. The Queen Mother came amongst us and asked us about our carol singing. Prince Charles was very interested in the violins, and finally tried one.

'The Chairman wished the Queen Mother and her guests a very happy New Year. The Queen Mother thanked us and wished us all a happy New Year and told us that refreshments were ready for us just over the way. Prince Charles said, "Grannie, why can't they go through the house?" and Princess Margaret told him that

it was nearer for us to go from the main entrance. It was a very happy time and we felt that we had indeed been singing carols in a real Christian home. The collection amounted to £15 11s. 6d.

HAMPSTEAD. Having got the idea from Radipole (Weymouth) Branch, a member embroidered a table cloth made from old black-out material with the four points of the compass round the edge, and added a fringe. This member is willing to embroider similar cloths for other branches if they will supply the cloth (one yard square), the proceeds to go to their 'Special effort'. The charge for the embroidery only is 5s. If fringe is also required the charge would be 15s. Orders should please be sent direct to the Secretary of Hampstead Branch, Mrs. Robinson, 25 Elgin Avenue, Maida Hill, W.9, who would also be glad to give further particulars if required.

LLANDUDNO. Craig-y-Don Branch gave a Christmas concert and entertainment to the local Darby and Joan Club. The accompanying photograph shows some of them arrayed for a burlesque entitled 'Country Wedding'.



MANSFIELD had 83 at their Rededication. They hired a bus to go to the Remembrance Service in Clumber Church, organised by Edwinstowe.

MONTREAL, Canada, held their 25th Birthday and Rededication on the 25th November last. There was an attendance of 42, and following the Service an interesting history of Montreal Toc H Women's Association was outlined by one of its original members. Throughout the twenty-five years of its existence meetings have been maintained unbroken, which, as our correspondent says, 'considering its various vicissitudes, shows how forcibly discouragement has been disown'd'. Many messages of congratulation were received from London and elsewhere.

NEWARK. In aid of St. Catherine's Home, this enterprising Branch sold cups of coffee instead of flags. As their local paper put it, 'How much nicer to be selling piping hot cups of coffee in the Town Hall instead of flags at a draughty street corner. How much nicer to be sipping a cup of coffee (in a good cause) instead of being stopped in the middle of shopping to drop your coins in a tin.'

SANDWELL have sent us copies of a beautifully produced (printed) joint Toc H and Women's Association programme for the current quarter, which we are sorry not to be able to reproduce. It contains, in addition to all the essential information, which is all too often overlooked, thoughtful information as to buses, and the exact whereabouts of their meeting-place. They are certainly to be congratulated on its production.

SHEFFIELD gave a Christmas party to 70 old ladies in Firvale Infirmary. Three of the guests were 92. Sheffield have been entertaining these old people for about ten years now, and visiting them regularly on visiting days.

HOW TO START A YOUTH CLUB

By SONIA RICHARDSON

The author of this article, which is reproduced with acknowledgements to 'WAY Forum', worked in a Youth Club in the East End of London for ten years, and also taught in a school in the same area.

THE CLUB is where young people make real friends—often for the rest of their lives. It is a place of their own, cut to their own requirements, unlike any other place where they spend their time with parents, teachers or employers making the decisions; it is a place where special interests can be followed, cherished and shared—music, acting and talking, stamp-collecting, sports,

cooking and photography, political affairs and dressmaking—all the activities that enrich life whether they are 'useful' or not.

It is a place where young people bear real responsibility for the events they plan together, and where they gain constant experience of the trials and achievements of working together. It is ideally suited for the growth of people with individual, critical minds, learning how to think, people necessary to a living, democratic society.

It is one of the few places where most types can find a job to do, whether they are nimble-witted and assured or plodding and retiring, for there can be sufficient challenge to stretch the brightest to the utmost, while not discouraging the slow.

I know, too, that starting a club which will eventually be such a place for its members needs patient, hard work and a lot of luck.

Where will I find the members?

I remember a married couple telling me how they started a boys' club by putting up a notice in a local café. I might do this—or consult the local head teachers and ministers of religion, gain their co-operation and ask them to announce the time of the first meeting.

The steps I would take at this stage would depend on whether the club was to be denominational or not. I know one thing—if I advertise the first meeting in one of these ways, quite a number will turn up out of curiosity. If the idea interests and attracts them they will come again.

Where shall we hold the club?

I would do everything in my power to find at least one room or hut that would be only for the club's use.

However well equipped borrowed school buildings or communal centres are, the inability to change and decorate them prevents them from becoming the homely or familiar place a club should be. If I could not find such a place, I would start the club without it, because I know many lively groups that do exist in schools and institutes, but I would aim to move into a place of our own, however small and shabby, at the first opportunity. Even if many of the activities have to be carried out elsewhere—in the open air, in the members' homes, in a borrowed gymnasium—I know that a clubroom where members can meet and talk and eat in homely surroundings, can make all the difference in the world.

Eating and drinking are important, too. I think that people all over the world enjoy eating together, and I would ensure that

there was food and drink at the very first meeting. I would ensure, too, that the cups and plates, however modest, were clean, because I would be determined that my club, however poor, would never confuse pioneering with dirt and drabness.

Who will help?

The question of the part older people should play in a youth club is a controversial one which I would like to write about at greater length another time. I believe they have a vital part to play because of the sense of stability and continuity they provide. This is particularly important here, for the boys are conscripted for two years at the age of eighteen. If they are the right people for the job, their extra years will have given them a fund of knowledge and experience of personal problems and different skills that will be indispensable to an active club, without hindering the freedom of the member.

If they are not the right people, they should not be there at all. I know that one of the problems I may have to deal with firmly from the start is that of the well-meaning people who think, quite wrongly, that they are suitable for youth work!

I would try to find at least one other person, a man, who would work with me in a general way in the club, because I think the members need both a man and a woman to count on.

This would be enough for the start. I would hope that most of the talent for leadership in special activities would come from the members.

What about money?

The members would be expected to pay subscriptions regularly—but I know that, however modest our programme, the subscriptions would not be sufficient, even if we were lucky enough to be given a rent-free home, so the problem of fund-raising would have to be faced, and I would see that members would tackle it from the beginning. They will probably look for support from the community, but I would do my best to see that they did not take this support for granted.

I know they will value their club much more this way than if it was handed to them, ready and splendid, however generous their benefactor.

The first meeting

I would enlist the help of two or three would-be members when calling the first meeting. (I should not be starting the club at all if I had not discussed the idea with a few of them first.) I would call the meeting in the brightest room I could borrow,

one too small rather than too big, and ask one of the youngsters to tell the others why he or she thought the club should be formed. I would conduct this first meeting myself, and by the end of it would try to see that those who wanted to build up a club had made the following decisions:—

1. Where the club would be (if there is any choice);
2. How often should it meet—and when;
3. How much the membership subscription should be at first;
4. How new members would be admitted;
5. What activities would be carried out;
6. What would be the immediate plans for the first few weeks; e.g., I would recommend: (a) preparing the clubroom; (b) building up a football and netball team; (c) forming a discussion group; (d) planning a dramatic performance for an official opening day;
7. Which five or six people should be charged with the responsibility of keeping things going until a formal meeting of members could be held, when they would know one another well enough to elect a proper governing committee and officers;
8. A date for this meeting.

I am quite certain that, however successful and well endowed this club might become in the future, it is this first group of members who will build up the club from the beginning, who will gain the richest benefits from the club and who will always look back on the earliest days of struggle as the best.

'We Hope You'll Even Write It?'

Thoughts inspired by an appeal in the November Log

The Secretary and the Editor
Were sitting face to face,
They wept like anything to see
Such acres of blank space.
So many faithful members
Had promised they would write;
Yet though we're sure they've done their best,
There's not a thing in sight.

'We could', said Jane, 'print what we have
IN TYPE OF LARGEST HUE';
Elaborate, in double space
Our news that isn't new.
While D held up an ancient LOG
Of another generation;
'If we should reprint this', said she,
'T'would cause a mild sensation.'

Now Toc H sisters one and all,
Go, buy a pen and ink;
Write us the news of Brauch and Job,
And tell us what YOU THINK!
For up and down the countryside,
From Glasgow to Penzance,
There must be loads of stuff to print,
If you'd give the LOG the chance.

The Secretary and the Editor,
Still shedding many a tear;
Now bring another LOG to you,
The second of this New Year;
It's full from cover to cover
With the best that we can do;
So, if you do not like it,
The rest is up to you!

NORA BLOXHAM.

Grumble, Grumble . . . !

WHAT is happening to our grand British Character?

It seems we are gradually becoming a nation of grumblers, especially we women. Just try and catch a word or two of gossip as you pass a group of women in the street; they are usually grumbling about someone or something!

Cost of living high! We all know that, but does it help to grouse to all and sundry? Wouldn't it be better to sit down and write to the local M.P. who is in a position to deal with such things?

Instead of grumbling, let us think back to the time when, during the war, everything was in short supply. We longed to be able to buy even *custard powder* in those days. Let us offer a prayer to God, thanking Him for things; thank Him that we are able to *walk* to the shop to buy these things; that we can *see* them displayed; that we still have the *mental ability* to do our shopping and the *health* to do our work, a tongue to talk with and ears to hear beautiful music. Are we not ungrateful, when all we can do with our tongues and ears is to spread discontent and listen to idle talk?

We grumble about our work, yet a few years back many had no work and looked forward as to Heaven to the day of full employment.

I've heard it said that Toc H isn't what it used to be. Why then, do we not take ourselves to task and think out why this is, and what can be done to improve it, instead of making empty remarks?

Also, one hears that in this Welfare State there are not the jobs left for Toc H to do. While there is an unhappy soul living there will always be full employment for Toc H.

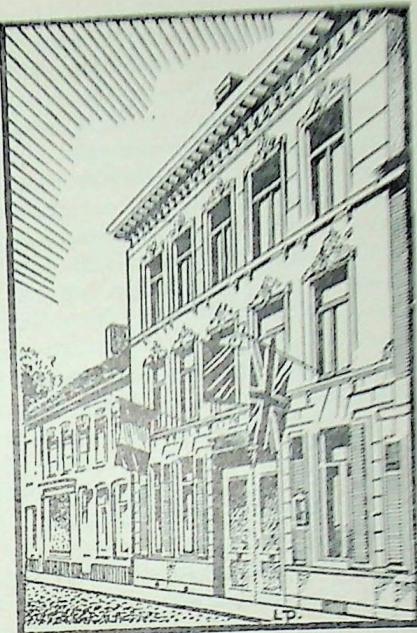
An article in the last edition of our Journal gave us one field we could take over—that of child delinquency.

Surely there is scope there for love and service. It is strange how often one hears the cry, 'too busy'. Yet how much time would it take to write a letter to a child in an approved school and help him or her feel that they are 'in the picture' and not an odd piece of jigsaw lying around?

For goodness' sake let us try to break this habit of grumbling about material things and consider our blessings, spreading light into a dark world where and how best we can.

ROSAMOND M. CARTER.

ARE
YOU
GOING
TO
POPERINGHE ?



SINCE the last issue of *THE LOG* was published a number of enquiries have been received and also a few definite applications to join a specific party. We shall be very glad to hear from others thinking of visiting Poperinghe as soon as possible, so that we may have some guidance as to the numbers of likely travellers.

Gallantry and Happiness

THE FIRST TIME I heard the Toc H Prayer I was struck with the unusual phrasing and the neat way in which the various thoughts are expressed. I often find the idea of 'leaping for joy' rather amusing, especially when volunteers are requested for some rather unpopular job!

But this phrase, 'With gallant and high-hearted happiness', has always been my favourite. It is the idea that one needs to be gallant to be happy that particularly appeals, as it is so true of that inner happiness which is not dependent on things going well.

A young Victorian 'Plain Jane', after her first unsuccessful season, asked her mother, 'How long must I go on being brave and beautiful?' We are asked to go on being brave and happy whatever our circumstances. We have all to strive for an inner core of happiness that outside events can't touch; something that we can draw upon in times of need.



When I passed my first exam, my father took me up to London to celebrate, but everything went wrong; we missed the train, it rained, and we couldn't get into the theatre. He was very disappointed, but I felt it didn't really matter; I had such a glowing feeling inside because of the exam, that other things were of no importance. That is the sort of warm inner glow we want to have all the time, so that we can be unperturbed by outside events.

Now this doesn't just happen, we've got to be building up this inner happiness all the time, like charging the battery of a car so that the lights will burn when you need them. We've got to grasp at all the good things in life, enjoy all the sunny days, whatever is good or true, or beautiful—as St. Paul says, 'think on these things'; be collectors of happiness. We must be on the look-out all the time for things to add to our collection, and it will soon become a habit.

At a wedding the father of the bride advised the young couple to make for themselves happy memories. Now this doesn't just entail looking for happy things to remember, we also have to ensure that whatever we do, or think, or say, will give us pleasure to look back upon.

We all have memories that are not happy when we have been through sad or trying times, but the memories which hurt most and which keep recurring are not these; they are the memories of things we've done or said which we wish afterwards that we hadn't; times when we 'showed off', and later realised we had made fools of ourselves; or when we made a rather clever cut at someone, then caught their eye and knew that the shaft had gone home; times when we have got the better of an argument, but it has left no pleasure. We sometimes say, 'I'd give anything to be able to take it back'. These are the really unhappy memories which could have been avoided.

This is a very personal matter. It is only what *you* do or say or think that affects your inner happiness. You can stand and gaze at a beautiful sunset, or attend a Church Service, but it won't do you a bit of good if you are thinking of something else. It is only what goes in that counts.

Also, it's not what people say to you, but the meaning you put on their words which matters. You value praise from someone you respect much more than the same words from someone else.

You can be rather amused at a small child losing his temper and throwing his toys about, but to see a friend lose her temper and say things she will regret later, can be very upsetting. You can be sorry for the harm she is doing herself, unless of course, you are too busy being angry as well!

The effect on you will depend on how much you dwell on the matter. If you feel you have been unfairly treated or misjudged, you can hug your grievances to you and they will grow; but it

will be an inner centre of bitterness that you will be cultivating and that is a dreadful habit to start. It leads down a vicious spiral by which you will lose friends and become still more bitter. We all know lonely people who have gone that way. You must do something to put matters right if at all possible, for your own peace of mind, and then think of something else; do someone a good turn, something to give yourself a nice feeling inside to overlay the unpleasantness before it has a chance to make much impression. This is where the gallantry comes in.

As children, we are taught to be brave and not make a fuss if we are hurt; now we must learn not to make a fuss if our feelings are hurt. Above all, do not go round talking about your wrongs: like the Pharisees whom Christ condemned for their almsgiving in public, you will have your reward in the sympathy of your listeners, but if you can keep quiet and even try a few coals of fire, God will reward you in secret, and it will be much more lasting.

We extol the virtues of a good memory, but we must learn to forget as well. As Paul says, 'leaving behind that which might hinder'. Judas betrayed his Master and went out and hung himself. Peter disowned his Master and went out and wept. What a bitter memory that must have been for him. He must have asked for and received God's forgiveness, because he was able to put the memory behind him and go on to proclaim the good news of Christ's Resurrection.

Now what are we to do with all this happiness we collect? The Toc H Prayer goes on, 'With gallant and high-hearted happiness we may work together for the coming of Thy Kingdom in the wills of men'. That is the point of it. That inner centre of happiness is a little bit of God's Kingdom we may all have for our very own, and we must work together to see that others get it too.

J.M.

A Time for Toc H

IT is sometimes fun among a group of Toc H members to discuss how one first came to be attracted by the movement. Of course, not everyone finds it possible to give a completely honest answer. Sometimes we are ashamed to say 'I needed friendship—or kindness—or understanding'. It sounds more impressive to say 'I wanted to be a better Christian'. Yet the need for friendship is I think, just as valid a reason for joining Toc H as is the desire to function more effectively as a Christian.

It is unwise to analyse *too* carefully the motives—or what we imagine to be the motives—for our actions. If we are honest enough to recognise how mixed these are, we may become so downhearted that we back out of our commitments. It would be

wiser to accept ourselves as we are with all our limitations.

I remember when I first worked at Toc H Headquarters, I found so much friendship and kindness there that I thought I had dropped into heaven. To my innocent eyes all the staff appeared to have wings. I started going to a nearby Toc H unit because I too wanted wings. Alas, they never grew! But I found people there who were ready unquestioningly to accept me as a friend. Gradually I became aware of the motivating power behind the friendship and the good works. So faith grew and deepened.

I remember that some of us used to help at a nearby hospital, rolling up bandages and such like as one of our jobs. I was never very happy about this. I could not help but feel that what we were doing was a sop to our consciences, more than anything else. I was even tempted sometimes to ask if I could not do a comic turn in the wards for a change! Of course, I may have been wrong in being critical of this piece of service—but it certainly made no demands either on our skill or our imagination.

I think that to-day it may be through the medium of service to the community that we are most likely to attract men and women to Toc H. Many people are shy of Christianity and fearful of being committed to something which they do not understand and of which they have no first-hand experience. Yet in spite of this, there are many men and women of goodwill who would gladly help in any piece of service to their local community, provided there were no strings attached.

It may be that the spreading of Toc H may be done more effectively this way than by word of mouth. It would be good to hear of a Toc H unit in a town or village undertaking something really imaginative in the way of service to their community, and calling on any and everyone to help them to do it (particularly the teen-agers). The response might be surprising and so might be the influx of new members.

I am not suggesting that in seeking to attract outsiders to our Movement through service that we should keep our beliefs to ourselves—far from it. Those who have had even a tiny experience of the reality of the love of God and who know the transforming effect it can have on men's and women's lives, are eager to share the good gift. But just talking about it is not enough. Nor, for that matter, is reading about it. Anyone who has ever attended a Quaker meeting may have found that often the silence is infinitely richer and more creative than the spoken ministry.

Religion, which is above all the experience of God, is largely incommunicable in words. We may not 'speak to the condition' of other men and women. Fortunately, words are not our only medium. There is a need, common to us all; that of fellowship with one another. Friendship is the very quality in which in

my experience Toc H is so rich. Let us give others every opportunity of experiencing it with us—the gift will be returned a hundredfold.

JEAN EDWARDS (*née Baxter*).

THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

THE NAME—The Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street—is a household word, but how few know of the ideals and pioneer work that made it possible!

At the time of its establishment in 1852, children were expressly excluded from most of our general hospitals, indeed, in January, 1843, of 2,363 patients in all hospitals, only 26 were children. The appalling death-rate among children (at that time 42 per cent. of all deaths were children under 10 years of age) was arousing the national conscience so that the time was ripe for such a venture. So when Dr. Charles West and Dr. (later Sir Henry) Bence Jones established the first hospital for children in Britain, public support was quickly forthcoming, and the hospital made rapid development from its modest beginning of ten beds and a small out-patients clinic. Queen Victoria, Lord Shaftesbury and Charles Dickens, were all supporters of the hospital.

But statistics are dull, and having recently been privileged to visit the hospital and been taken on a conducted tour of it, the first thing that strikes one is the attitude of the staff towards the children. The child is not regarded as just a patient but as a member of a group, i.e., the family, and as such, its welfare is bound up with its family life, so visiting is practically unrestricted.

As a parent recently cut off entirely from a small child in hospital, it was very gratifying to peep into a bathroom and see a mother and father bathing their small child, and to see a little boy escorting his mother down several flights of stairs to the front door and cheerfully telling us that his mother had gone home but would come again to-morrow; and yet another small boy telling our guide (an administrative officer) that it was his particular job to shut the lift gates.

We saw the kitchens and we saw the operating theatres, which to a lay person, seem models of their kind. None of the little patients see the theatres, however, as they are all 'pre-medicated' on the wards, and arrive there already asleep. We saw the delightful little chapel—a bequest in 1860, from Sir Charles Barry, the architect of the Houses of Parliament. There is an Institute of Child Health, a museum and a host of interesting subjects, but what will be remembered longest is the friendly happy atmosphere that prevails throughout. It is indeed 'The Children's Hospital'.

R.G.

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO BERMUDA

We are glad to be able to print this eye-witness account by Freda Houghton, a Toc H member, who is teaching at the Warwick Academy, a fine old school, founded in 1662, before the Island of Bermuda became a Crown Colony.

THE DAY for which all Bermudians and resident British subjects had been waiting so eagerly, dawned with pearly grey skies, as Audrey Russell of the B.B.C. kindly described them, and a soft west wind. We hoped that the weather would have been as lovely as it had been during the previous week, but if it failed to show Bermuda's brilliant turquoise sea because the sun shone from a cloudy sky, at any rate, it proved less of a strain on the Queen's eyes, as she, poor lady, cannot wear sun glasses which most of us regard as a necessity.

'Woodmont', the house in which I live, was well situated for viewing, as one corner of the grounds marks the city of Hamilton boundary at which a triumphal arch was erected. Moses, the coloured gardener, had built a wonderful platform behind the wall from which we had a splendid view of the Royal procession, which stopped at the arch, where the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh alighted, and stood to receive a welcome from the Mayor, who then presented prominent citizens. The carriage in which H.E. the Governor and Lady Hood normally ride on state occasions, then continued to the Sessions House, where the Queen delivered a speech to the members of the Colonial Parliament, the oldest in the Commonwealth.

The other journeys were made in one of the small 14 h.p. cars, the maximum size allowed, which must have seemed somewhat cramped to the Royal visitors.

The Royal Tour covered the whole island from east to west so that people could be spread out. As the area is only $19\frac{1}{3}$ square miles and the length 20 miles, this arrangement made it possible for 38,000 people, two-thirds of whom are coloured, to have a good vantage point.

After the ceremony at the Sessions House, the Queen and the Duke embarked on the 'Wilhelmina', an ordinary ferry boat, which was resplendent with new paint and polish. The tiny rowing boat fastened to the deck, ready in case of accident, had appropriately been renamed 'Lillibet'! Across the sparkling waters of Hamilton Harbour the Royal Barge sped on its way to Somerset, reminding one of the first Elizabeth who travelled so often up and down the Thames.

The high light of the visit for many was the Garden Party at Government House, where about a thousand people were gathered to honour their sovereign. We all converged towards the steps

leading up to the house where we waited for the Queen's return from Somerset, Southampton, Warwick and Paget, four of Bermuda's nine parishes. Members of the Colonial Parliament in morning dress with top hats in hand, paraded up and down, and I was in agony lest some broad-shouldered man with a mistaken sense of duty should decide to stop right in my line of vision at the crucial moment.

A great hush fell on the crowd as two white-coated stewards appeared and fastened back the doors. A few minutes later the Queen and Sir Alexander Hood, followed by the Duke and Lady Hood, approached the doorway and walked slowly down the drive to the top of the steps where they stood in one line. From the terrace below the strains of the National Anthem floated softly over the air. There was a gentle crunching of gravel as people came to attention and stood absolutely still. It was a most moving experience to listen to that music in full view of the Queen, who stood with one hand across her waist, the other at her side.

Presentations over, the party proceeded down the steps to the grass, where they moved freely among the crowd, the Queen remaining with the Governor, while the Duke, with a couple of equerries, roamed at will, chatting in a genial and unceremonious way. Her Majesty looked delightful in a lime yellow organdie dress decorated with appliquéd white flowers, worn over a taffeta slip. A matching hat of the same material, held by a small pin, long white gloves, shoes and bag, completed the outfit. Jewellery consisted of a triple string of close-fitting pearls, and small pearl ear-rings. All eyes followed the Queen, spellbound. Her dignity, her serenity, her graciousness, and above all, her intrepid sincerity made a deep impression on all.

Darkness fell quickly after the Royal Party had gone indoors. As we made our way home through the grounds where lights twinkled among the trees, and looked out across the northern waters of Bermuda towards England, we felt satisfied and uplifted. We had looked long and often at our gracious young sovereign and her gallant consort, and the earth was a better place because of their presence among us.

FREDA HOUGHTON.

A Year of 'Effort'

IT was stated in the September Log that amounts received for the first six months of 1953 showed a very big decrease, one of the reasons being that many Branches had been too busy with Coronation celebrations to hold Special Efforts for their own funds.

For Brighton and Hove Branch, January 1st, 1953, marked the beginning of a Coronation "Special Effort" Appeal. Perhaps

you would like to hear how we set about our task to be carried on throughout Coronation Year.

As we are a fairly large Branch, the members felt that an additional burden should not be shouldered by the Secretary and Jobbie. So right from the start a new office was created, that of Special Appeal Secretary, whose job it was to endeavour to think up ways and means of raising money and with the help of the Branch to put these ideas into operation.

The first was a target of £10 to be reached through 'Individual Effort' by Easter. A graph was drawn of ten thermometers, each registering a maximum temperature of £1. (You may remember only too well that there was a 'flu epidemic at this time!) With what joy we watched the mercury, in the form of red ink, rise in each thermometer as the sixpences and shillings mounted up. A cabbage from a member's allotment garden, tasted much sweeter and was far cheaper than one from the greengrocer's shop. Eggs were scarce, but one member told her hens about the Special Effort, and the result was three new laid eggs each week for a month. I might add that it was necessary to ballot for these! Sweets were still on ration, but someone's husband did not take sugar in his tea and coconut was on the market again. Hence, Coconut-ice for sale, no points and cheaper than one could purchase in the sweet-shop. One member succeeded in selling an old iron bedstead. A pair of bronze ornaments found in an attic, green with age, were nevertheless worth £1 to a junk shop.

Perhaps a member had nothing to sell, but she could knit, and as the needles clicked she thought of the pennies mounting up with the rows—all for the Special Effort. It would take too long to tell of all the little ways and means, but 'Petticoat Lane' was a new venture. On this occasion, each member brought one or more articles to be sold. No matter the actual value of the article, it was understood that it could not be sold for more than one shilling. Oh yes, we had a full house on that evening. We had to ballot for turns at buying, so great was the demand for bargains. The two members in charge of the stall were amusingly garbed as a Pearly King and Queen, resplendent with buttons and feathers.

Now, I can hear you say, 'But so far all the money has come out of the members' own pockets'. Yes, so it had, but what of the bargains and the fun? Nor, apart from 'Petticoat Lane' evening, was much time taken from the Branch meetings. We achieved our target and self-assessment did not suffer in the least.

The collection of jumble had been started with the New Year, and each member was asked to keep her own little store, as we had no central collection point. Even those living in bed-sitting rooms managed to squeeze an extra box under the bed or persuade their landladies to give up a corner of the basement. This

collection went on until the end of September, when the Day arrived at last. Handbills announcing the sale had been circulated by the help of a local Brownie Party, and a queue started to form two hours before the sale began. At 3 p.m. the bolts were drawn from the door and the ~~bargain-hunters~~ descended upon us like a pack of hungry wolves. Hungry appearance of the 'arm of the law', in the shape of a policeman, put our fears to an end, and by 4 o'clock all was quiet again and our Treasurer, safe in a corner behind a ~~bank~~ of chairs and suitcases, was busily counting the ~~chits~~.

A Beetle Drive (not taking the place of the *Brandy*) was well supported by friends and proved a most successful event. As beetles big and little, fat and thin, filled the room, excitement ran high, and loud cries of 'Ah-h-h' followed each announcement of 'Beetle!' Previous experience had taught us that it was far more fun to beg a lot of small inexpensive prizes. Somehow players might even find that they were sitting on beetles (drawn in chalk under certain chairs). Even though your seat was uninteresting, how thrilling to find that you had been actually sitting on a beetle, and even more thrilling to take a prize home for doing so!

Was your hunt for inexpensive Christmas cards very tiresome? This is how we solved the problem in our Branch. At the beginning of the year each member was asked to collect used Christmas cards and bring them along to the meetings. These were put away and forgotten until September. Then they were brought out and the pictures sorted, guillotined and mounted on blank greeting cards. The latter, together with envelopes, were supplied at a cheap rate by a friend of the Branch. A small working party carried out the task and two hundred cards were produced. These sold at fourpence and sixpence each. Other cards were used to make gift labels, and these sold like hot cakes at threepence per packet.

By now, many of those greeting cards have found a destination far from Brighton and Hove, but with our good wishes to The H. Women's Association went a cheque for £40, the result of our Coronation 'Special Effort' Appeal.

INTERRUPTIONS

YOU have a busy day before you, and feel that you can only just get through if you begin at once and keep at it. It may be a round of household duty; or if you are a man who works at home, it will be a task of study or writing, and so forth. You make a beginning and then the telephone rings and you have to seem pleased as you talk to some friend—a friend who may be a lonely soul and who wants a good long talk. Then you get going again.



but you find you are short of a household necessity and you have to hurry round to the shops to get it, returning hot and bothered. But once more you do get on with your job—this time for perhaps half-an-hour. And then the door-bell rings and there stands a semi-down-and-out. He says he will only take five minutes, and starts on his tale. He has got a job but he has not a shilling to live on till his first pay-day arrives. Or he has got a job in Bristol, or Manchester, or Newcastle, and cannot raise his fare to go there. Or he has holes in his shoes and really needs some warm clothes. It takes at least ten minutes to tell the tale, some of which is probably quite true. And he also really needs some friendly soul to talk to, for the needy are often desperately lonely. Then, having dealt with him as best you can, you go on with your own work, feeling you are already far behindhand. But your troubles are not over. First someone comes to tell you that an electricity fuse has blown, and you must go and deal with it. And after a whole hour, cousin 'X' arrives for a visit, wanting to know how you all are, and stays for half-an-hour. By this time, you are fuming within, and know there is now no chance of getting your morning's work finished. And very likely your spiritual peace is gone. If you are lucky, you get through without snapping at anybody, and so destroying the peace of the household, but you yourself are upset. And these are the commonplace experiences of those who live in towns. They seem to belong to modern life as we now have to live it.

Once again I want to recommend the way of acceptance. I remember being told of an ardent young missionary who was sent out to join the staff of a large mission station. He was given a definite list of duties and set to work with eagerness to get through them. But 'natives' kept coming in to see him and bothering him with trifles, till the poor lad was in despair and was filled with indignation. 'This,' he said, 'is an impossible situation.' Whereupon an old hand came to his rescue. 'My dear man,' he said, 'do understand that you have not come out here to get through your day's work, but by the help of God to endure patiently the interruptions which will occur.' Possibly, by learning and displaying such patience, he did more of his true task as a missionary than by any amount of mere fidelity to a schedule of duties.

Anyway, it is on these terms that we have to live our lives. As a matter of fact, our work does somehow get done if we stick to it doggedly in spite of all the annoyances. But whether at the end we are found worn out, with frayed nerves and a headache, or are quite happy and content depends on ourselves. We cannot change the world, but our attitude to it is decided by ourselves. Through disappointments, interruptions, annoyances, petty oppositions, foolish jealousies, and the mismanagements of superiors, we wend our way through life. Some people let it all

fret them till they break down. And some, having ~~seen~~ ^{seen} the facts of life, expect nothing better. And as they ~~keep~~ ^{keep} their own peace of mind they work well, and ~~probably~~ ^{make} life happier for others.

From THE SECRET OF INWARD PEACE, by A. Herbert Gray, M.A., S.C.M. Press, 7s. 6d. net.

Correspondence

NEW CENTRAL EXECUTIVE

Dear Editor,

In the last two years, when attending the meeting of the Central Council, our representative has been struck by the apparent lack of thought that is given to the election of members to the C.E.C., and the fact that *so few untried people* attain places—we mean untried on the C.E.C., for the nominees invariably have good, though perhaps short, records of service to Toc H and other causes.

Why is this? Are we afraid to give authority to our young members?

We in this district do not decry the people who have given their time and knowledge to the C.E.C. for long years in the past, but we feel they will agree with us that unless new blood is introduced into all our Councils and Committees, then not only will the Movement fail to progress, but perhaps more important, we shall not attract into our ranks the young people who must be there to carry on the Movement after us.

Will Councillors please consider this very carefully and get adequate information on the C.E.C. nominees before and at the commencement of the Council Meeting so that they may vote with confidence for a newer C.E.C.

The problem will not be settled this year, so may we have suggestions and comments from other readers?

On behalf of Hamdon Edge District Team:—PEGGY GIRLING (Secretary)
MARY REED (Chairman)

DAY-TIME MEETINGS?

Dear Editor,

As one who thoroughly enjoys Toc H meetings, but who has not the time to attend the weekly *evening* ones of my Branch, may I suggest through your columns that there is ample scope in our Movement for a variety of branches, meeting at different times and in varying forms?

Personally, I should find weekly or fortnightly lunch-hour Meetings very congenial, with a snack lunch, a good speaker (on Toc H and other subjects), and a welcome to all who come whether members or not. In some of the cities overseas, I believe this has been done successfully for years. Also for town-dwellers

why not meetings at 5.30 or 6 p.m., directly after work? We should still get home in reasonable time for an evening meal, and it would often cut out some travelling and save time and money.

For country folk, converging on a town for Market Day, for instance, why not a tea-time meeting after market and shopping is done, and before catching the homeward bus?

Housewives, especially those with children at school all day, and for older members who don't go out after dark, why not meet over coffee at 11 a.m.?

I think speakers would often be more easily found for daytime meetings and it should be a great help to recruitment. I can see endless possibilities in that direction, if we had more attractive meetings and at more convenient times. Apart from recruitment, I believe that by experimenting we could reach a much wider public and make Toc H and all it stands for better known and understood. Our programmes would still have to be carefully planned and even more expeditiously carried out!

Daytime meetings would not only leave us more evenings for our Toc H 'jobs', but for reading and social life, all of which is vastly important if we are to be balanced women, able to enter and understand the many different spheres of life, and make ourselves of use in them.

I wonder how many branches are already experimenting along these lines? District Teams, please give it a thought as you plan the extension of the Movement! I hope we shall hear of many attempts, and that they may lead to an adventurous and satisfying fellowship together.

Yours hopefully, E.A.W.

ALL OR NOTHING?

Dear Editor,

A few months ago we heard it said by a Toc H member and a Women's Association Builder, that when becoming a member of Toc H or the Women's Association, one should give up any other interests in order to devote one's life to Toc H jobs.

A lengthy discussion on this point was held by our Branch, and it was suggested that we join Toc H in order to serve other people as and when we can, but certainly not to deny ourselves membership of other organisations. It is only by belonging to outside organisations and sharing their interests that we can become live members of a Toc H Branch. If we take part in other organisations we can bring to Toc H other people's ideas and views and be live members of the community.

If, when we join Toc H, we renounce all other interests, then we become very narrow-minded and fall down badly on Toc H principles. Do others agree?

Sandwell.

O. M. TAYLOR.

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